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What fools these Mortals be!"

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THE DEMOCRATS AND THEIR ELEPHANT.

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REMOVAL.

PUCK has removed to new and, of course, com-Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

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THE DEMOCRATS AND THEIR ELEPHANT.

[See Cartoon on first page.]

WE have again taken the liberty of utilizing Mr. Nast's elephant, and beg leave to thank this

gentleman for lending him. The great blowing-match in Congress is over, and the Army Bill has passed, but is not, in its present shape, to become the law of the land. For Mr. President Hayes, not daunted by the painful manner in which he was sat upon when he vetoed the Silver Bill, has exercised his glorious privilege of veto again—this time with

more success.

The autocrat of the White House thinks-and we don't see why he shouldn't have an opinion—that if troops are not to be at the polls, neither troops nor polls must be mixed up with

Appropriation Bills. The Democratic elephant, who was just pre paring to crush under his ponderous feet all opposition, now finds himself powerless, for even the Democratic ass hasn't learnt the combination of the padlock.

The Republican fox enjoys the joke hugely. "A plague o' both your parties," we say.

INARTISTIC FATE.

HERE was once a French landscape painter who pointed out the fact these Y was a very faulty institution, after all. He said that, judged by a high artistic standard, Nature lacked harmony and balance. This gentleman's name was Monsieur Lancret; and we think he was a man of sense. We wish, moreover, to follow his footsteps a little way into the domain of radical thought by boldly asserting that Fact is occasionally a great deal more clumsily and idiotically improbable than Fiction in her most delirious movements.

These remarks are suggested by the recent vindication" of Mr. Hotel-Clerk Merritt, charged with cheating a poor black sailor-boy out of \$49, being difference between \$50 alleged to have been given by said sailor-boy to said Merritt, in one bill, and 4 quarter-dollars alleged to have been returned by said Merritt as change for said \$50 bill. For a real, honest, square, irrefutable vindication, the vindication we refer to is just about the meanest locking. we refer to is just about the meanest-looking article in the market.

Here we want it clearly understood that we are not casting any doubt on the solidity of the vindication. We regard it as fully and entirely vindication. We regard it as fully and entirely vindicating the person who needed vindication, which is all you can ask of any vindication. It has left us very confident that Mr. Merritt has been wrongfully accused, and is quite a martyr in a small, quiet way. We would swear to Mr. Merritt's complete innocence, any day. We will not, perhaps, go so far as to say that we would bet on it; but we would readily and cheerfully take our oath to it.

Yet we must put on record our sense of the extremely bad form of the vindication. It is true, of course; but it is a very sick-appearing

Mr. Lemuel Williams, on being hauled up before Justice Otterbourg for disorderly conduct, asserted that the agitation of his manner was due to his having given Mr. Merritt, of the Metropolitan Hotel, a \$50 bill to change; which bill, according to Mr. Lemuel Williams, Mr. Merritt obligingly transmuted into four silver quarters. Justice Otterbourg, strangely enough, choose to investigate this tale of reverse-action alchemy. Which, we may say, incidentally, was very wrong in Justice Otterbourg. To doubt the virtue of a hotel-clerk showed bad taste, at the very least; and we hope that Justice Otterbourg may hereafter get room No. 11,997 and no shaving-water, whenever he has the audacity to enter a hotel.

Well, Justice Otterbourg investigated the alleged case against Mr. Merritt-just as if Mr. Merritt were not a nephew of a prominent politician. He treated him with a beastly, lowdown impartiality, and made Mr. Merritt feel very uncomfortable. In fact, there is no knowing to what extent Justice Otterbourg's tyranny might not have gone, had not Mr. Merritt's little vindication come up right in the nick of

The \$50 bill turned up. Lemuel Williams had given it to Mrs. Brown of Brooklyn, colored, washerwoman, by mistake for a 99-cent government bond, or something of that sort. And so

Mr. Merritt was vindicated.

Of course, we are awfully glad of this. But we don't like the style of the vindication. artistic beauty was marred by all sorts of horrid drawbacks. In the first place, the private secretary of the politician who has the honor of being uncle to Mr. Merritt had been quite too inartistically close to the place where the bill was found just a little while before it was found. Then there were a white woman and a decidedly undesirable young drunkard hovering awkwardly in the background of Mr. Merritt's beautiful little tableau of justice and vindicabeautiful little tableau of justice and vindica-tion. Then the \$50 bill that Mrs. Brown had so long nursed as a simple solitary dollar was not by any means the correct realistic card. Altogether, there were lots of shockingly inartistic little circumstances that gave wickedly disposed several chances to utter cruel hints about put-up-jobs, and humbugs and

things.

The tyrant Otterbourg has held Mr. Merritt in \$1.500 bail for trial. This will afford Mr. Merritt an opportunity for another vindication. And we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that he will give us a neater and more stylish article than this the present one.

Next week's Puck will contain a condensed edition of L'Assommoir.

Puckerings.

An auctioneer is a man of more-bid tastes.

Or all professions ball-playing is most by

LORILLARD'S two-year-old entry at Newmarket ran to some papoose.

THE Pompeiians were a riotous set, and the last drop of the cratur was too much for them,

WESTERN papers, as a rule, are so unreliable, that it is unsafe to trust them even for the day of the month.

THE very highest compliment that can be paid to a ballet is to remark that it outstrips all its predecessors.

An old proverb says: "A gentle mare may have a gentle foal." Yes, and of the prospective size of a colt you cannot judge by a dam's height.

"In consequence of the large and steadily increasing circulation" of this paper, it is proposed to change the name of this metropolis to Puck'keepsie.

Now cometh the time when the awful swell taketh out his handkerchief and dusteth off the seat in the street-car, fearing that he may soil the bosom of his delicate trousers.

A LUTHERAN minister has made a calculation of the size of heaven, and finds that it contains 39541166666666666636662/3 rooms of fair size; but unless he can assure us that there are Japanese wa'l-paper, lace curtains, and hot and cold water in every room, and that each and every one has a southern exposure, he can scarcely expect to induce anybody to move there.

THE eminently disreputable old wanton whom San Francisco sees fit to call "Justice" is playing the other thing with James O'Neil for playing Fesus Christ. Next week's Puck will contain a few casual remarks on this subject. We purpose to find out, if possible, whether or not a white American citizen in the nineteenth century is to be forced to take his choice between Christianity or a dungeon. We want to know if this publication office is to be removed from Warren Street to Mecca or Benares.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE TRAMP IS COMING!

[Cartoon in No. 109 of PUCK.]

"I AM the New Constitution."-We are indebted to the New York Puck for the ideas in our cartoon, presented to our readers in this day's issue of the S. F. News-Letter. The design is quite equal to any yet emitted from that witty publication.—San Francisco News-Letter.

We don't quite know what this item means; but when our brilliantly inconsistent contemporary makes up his mind whether to regard us as fiends of the nether darkness or as angels of light, we shall be happy to have him stop his highly incomprehensible war-dance and express his intention definitely and distinctly. In the mean time we suppose we are to feel flattered; and will try so to be.

NOTICE.

Numbers 14, 25, 26, 39, 42 and 58 of Puck will be bought at this office, 21 & 23 Warren Street, at 25 cents per copy.

FRIENDLY CHATS WITH THE "AVERAGE CITIZEN." II.

JENKINS AGAIN.

ES, it is our duty to deal once again, in a spirit of love, with the unnecessary and obtrusive Jenkins.

We have been waiting for Jenkins, waiting and watching a long time to see him slip up on his patent advertising theatre trick. And now he has done it, and we propose to preach our little sermon to you about it.

There is a very loosely worded statute on the books of this State—a marvel of bungling legislation—that prohibits the employment of young children for the purposes of singing or dancing in any hurtful or improper way or manner. This law was designed to put a check on the outrages of the padroni, and was aimed directly at those men who made a business of hiring out children for street singers, and at those who made a living by training infants for dangerous acrobatic feats.

It was well enough, all this; but the men who did it were not well enough, by any means. They were a miserable and incompetent lot of alleged legislators, and they foisted upon the public a law which was so shaky and loose and equivocal in its form that it might be used as well to annoy the innocent as the guilty.

Now, you know enough, average citizen, even in your stupidest moments, to understand that that is not the kind of law you paid these legislators to make for you.

For abstract propriety and justice, of course, you don't care the eighteenth part of a continental malediction; but, possibly, when it becomes clear to you that you have been cheated, your righteous indignation may rise in all its native beauty and take the war-path.

So please study the law you have got for your money, and the operations of that law.

It was a law passed for the special benefit of picturesque philanthropy. It enabled the [so-called] Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to pose as the saviour of the youthful Italian slave of the harp; the beneficent protector of the small boy with the fiddle; the guardian angel of the organ-grinder's human substitute for a monkey.

And so all went beautifully for a while. The Society was happy; the fashionable patrons of the Society were happy, and the Jenkins of the Society was happy. But lo and behold! there Society was happy. But lo and behold! there came a time when there were no more little Italians to rescue from cruel padroni; when the stock of maltreated musical slaveys ran down very low, and it became absolutely necessary that something should be done to keep the Society up to its sensational standard, and to leave Jenkins his poor little reason and excuse for existence.

And so it was that Jenkins turned himself loose on the theatres, and made life a misery to every poor devil of an uninfluential manager who dared to give light and healthful employment to any of the superfluous infant starvelings who would otherwise have been running about the streets of this great and dirty city.

For a time this plan enabled the society to keep itself on the philanthropic pose. Jenkins confined his thunderbolts of energetic benevo-lence to the smaller houses that couldn't hit back; and intimidated only the quietest and most easily bulldozable of managers

But now there has come an awful day when the too unanimous Jenkins has tripped over his own self-confidence, and has, in the slang of the avenues, taken a tumble.

It was all very comfortable for him, you see, so long as he turned his holy wrath loose on the small people; but it was a luckless hour when he set out to tackle Wallack's Theatre.

You perceive, there is a marked and unmis-

takable difference between Wallack's Theatre and a fourth-class variety show. It is comparatively easy to make you believe, Mr. Average Citizen, that Mr. Snidesby Smith, of the Houston Street Moke's Theatre, beats his boy-performers with flails and sting-nettles, and pours redhot vitriol over his juvenile coryphées; but even you can't swallow the idea of Mr. Lester Wallack and Mr. Theodore Moss gloating over the agonies of tortured infancy.

The wildest efforts of the Jenkinsian imagina-

tion can't make you credit the assertion that Mr. Lester Wallack, before every evening performance, removes his low-comedian's backbone, dips it in croton-oil, and then replaces it; or that Mr. Theodore Moss makes every member of the company dance a horn-pipe on a hot gridiron before he will pay salaries on Friday morning.

Yet this is what Jenkins thought he could cram down your œsophagus when he went to Mr. Theodore Moss about the "Children's Pinafore."

"I understand," said Mr. Jenkins, "that you propose to have a troupe of children here to play 'Pinafore'."
"We have," said Mr. Moss, "engaged the same troupe that played for the benefit of your

society in Philadelphia."

"That is a side-issue," said Mr. Jenkins; "are you the manager of this troupe?" "I am; and my wife is a subscriber to your Society," said Mr. Moss.

"Will you answer my questions without cir-cumlocution?" said Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Moss was heard to mutter something to

the effect that he might possibly answer them with his boot.

"I understand that you have the smallest Midshipmite ever seen on any stage? Now you ought to be able to see that the cruelty of employing him must be in exact ratio to his size as compared with the average size of infancy? So much the smaller kid, so much the greater cruelty. I also hear that your Josephine is a phenomenally pretty little girl."

"She is," said Mr. Moss.

"So much the pootier gal," said Mr. Jenkins, "so much the more iniquity in spoiling her beauty by the deleterious effects of exposure to the afternoon air. I hear that your Sir Joseph is a son of E. L. Davenport."

Well?" said Mr. Moss.

" Well! can't you see the brutality in dragging that child, who is still weeping the loss of his beloved parent, before the gaze of an un-sympathizing public? And what'n thunder do you mean by having a Hebe who knows how to sing? To the exclusion of other girls who can't sing! There is no greater cruelty than unjust discrimination. It is said that you intend to mount this piece with unusually realistic effects? Now, aren't you afraid of exciting the imagination of those children, and making them believe they're on a real ship? If they get sea-sick, I shall hold you to account, sir!" Here Mr. Moss closed the interview by re-

plying, in substance, that Mr. Jenkins might go to the place of departed spirits and sizzle in sulphur.

And Jenkins departed, and told a Sun reporter that it was all right; that the parents of the children had signed a paper setting forth their submission to the Jenkinsian rule, and that Mr. Lester Wallack would sign a similar document; and that, therefore, and thuswise, and because of this, he, Jenkin would, in his

gracious mercy, allow the show to go on.

And with this agreeable fiction, Mr. Jenkins put his principles and his philanthropy in his pocket, the very first time he met a manager with courage enough to refuse to let himself be represented as a brute and a bully in order

to advertise Mr. Jenkins's Society.

Haven't we had, O Average Citizen, about enough of Jenkins?

THE IRISH WAKE.

[See cartoon on centre pages.]

We are confident that if a defunct Irishman were to be dissected in the interests, not of anatomy, but of morals, his heart would be found of enormous weight, and intimately connected with the pulley-lines which wag his tongue, and the lachrymal duct; ready to raise the floodgates of the weeper and the moans of the "keener" at the slightest provocation.

And with the truest sympathy.

For sympathy and generosity are the great characteristics of the Irish heart. There are poor Irish servant-girls in this very city-ay, here, in New York-whose generous hearts incite their willing hearts to give all the cold meats in the ice-chests of their employers to such of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts who pay nocturnal visits to the area door.

And this generosity is shown in that peculiar institution, known to that miserable minority of our fellow-citizens who are non-Irish as "The

Wake."

Pat dies. Pat was a jolly fellow while he lived, and loved a drop of the "crathur" and a whiff of the pipe; and liked to have everybody about him jolly and happy. But Pat is dead, and in a day or two he will be hidden away from mortal sight beneath many square feet of sand and gravel. Now, Mick and Terry and Tim and Ted argue that while Pat is still with us "in the body" why shouldn't they carry out the peculiar and personal ideas which Pat, defunct, inculcated by precept and example during the time when Pat was not defunct?

Away with melancholy! Pat, the worst the

Jedge can give ye is only purgatory. Can ye hear us? Pass the pipe, Tim O'Toole! Here's to ye, Pat—begorra, is this logger beer, Mrs. McGonologue—Pat was a dacent b'y, an' I don't rimimber him in anything less then mixed ale—Beggin' yer pardin, sorr, I belave ye mane whuskey; it was fwhat Pat dhrank himsilf whin he was as foine a man as—Whist, there's Mrs. Mulligan an' young Mulcahy doin' the barndoor jig- etc., etc., etc.

Now, on the surface, at first appearance, this may seem to be shocking to the American mind. And the idea prevails that this ante-mortuary festivity is essentially an outgrowth of Ireland. Yet a dear Austrian friend of ours tells us that nearly the same festivities are of common occurrence in Vienna among the classes of like social standing to the Irish who wake" their dead in America.

Only the Vienna fellows hold their high riot in wine and beer gardens, where the corpse is

not. And they don't fight.

Whereas Tim and Terry and Ted do. For the Irish heart is not the only thing that rises beyond that of other men; the Irish stomach seems to have a peculiar-what is it the distillers call it?—ah, the "worm"!—there seems to be a sort of "worm" that immediately lifts, so to speak, the American alcohol into the Irish brain, totally ignoring the digestive organs, and then by some occult process proceeding down through the biceps and the forceps into the fists (are we getting mixed? our Dictionary of Anatomy is astray,)—into the fists we say, of Tim, Mick, Terry and Med—then the thud of the clenched hand, blood, bruises—and the

Your most trusted ecclesiastics, Bishops and Priests, have endeavored, dearly beloved Fel-low Irish Citizens, to make you let up on your 'wakes" and to curtail your long funerals, with eight in and on a hack and a pipe in every mouth. But still you all do it. So Puck holds the mirror up to nature, "with malice to none," but "with to charity to all," and his heartiest wish is that Erin may go and bragh without any "Wakes."

WHEN but a child-I mind me well-My sole sublunary ambition Was, just like any other swell, To smoke cigars sans intermission. And smoke I did, precocious kid, And oh, so very sick I grew! And now I don't know why I did, Do you?

From cheap Havanas to champagne Was transit quick as elevated, I drank-I sang some dubious strain, (As Charlie subsequently stated), And quarrelsome grew as any Cid: The morning's headache made me rue; And now I don't know why I did, Do you?

From that to Love; she was divine That night we first did waltz together; But-well, perhaps it was the wine, Perhaps the closeness of the weather. Howe'er that be, it can't be hid I popped, and was accepted, too; And now I don't know why I did, Do you?

From Love to Verse; I never knew "Till Love stepped kindly in to show it? That, as you must acknowledge true, I was intended for a poet. And so I wrote, though all unbid, These verses which you now construe; And now I don't know why I did, Do you?

JOHN FRASER.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



LXXXVII.

SOME ENGLISHMEN.

Ya-as aw, fellaws who wead what I have witten - and Jack Carnegie says everwybody does must have thought it wathah stwange that I have not had a gweat deal to say about some of my

own countwymen in this curwious Wepublic. Aw, ye know, I am not extwemely well acquainted with the fellaws he-ah who have been born in Gweat Bwitain, because a large majorwity appe-ah to be Irwishmen, Scotchmen or twadesmen or pwovincial fellaws, and not the wegular London pwopah form.

Undah ordinarwy circumstances, I should not even take the twouble to wefer to this desewiption of individual at all; but, ye see, the Amerwicans whom I wun against, knowing that Jack and I are Englishmen of the wight stamp, fwequently wemark aw that they know a Smith or Bwown, or a Jones or Wobinson, who also comes fwom Gweat Bwitain, and ask if I am acquainted with these individuals.

With verwy ware exceptions I find that these fellaws are all verwy well in their way, but weally not at all up to the corwect standard.

Their Amerwican experwience has perwhaps had the effect of bwushing off some of their naturwal vulgarwity. And, stwange to say, it often has this effect on this class of people, who at home may never have had the opportunity of knowing anybody superwish to them-selves. With the kind of wepwehensible fwee-

dom that exists he-ah, such fellaws can know bettah people than themselves, and they improve accordingly.

Aw I said impwove, but I mean that they acquire a certain mannah which unpenetwating and ignorwant Amerwicans think is the genuine arwistocwatic tone, when in weality it is nothing of the kind.

When these fellaws see in what wespect they are held on account of their Bwitish birth by their Amerwican fwiends, they begin to labor under the impwession that they are verwy gweat cards, and twy to make believe that they are peers of the wealm.

They dwess in an ultwa Bwitish style, and carefully use the phrwases that Euglish literwawy fellaws have attwibuted to our arwistocwatic set, in ordah to make their pwetenses as wealistic as possible.

They often have a little money, and invarwiably talk about their gwand acquaintances at they are welated to the people about whom they talk, when in all probability they have nevah wested their eyes on a membah of the peerwage in the whole course of their naturwal lives, unless perwhaps to serve some fellaw fwom behind a countah in a shop maw likely to have been in Watcliff Highway than in Wegent Stweet.

Jack Carnegie, who is a d-d-devilish shrwewd sort of a fellaw, says that the gweatah portion of these men, whom I have endeavored to descwibe, belong to the middle classes, and fwequently to the lowah wange of that di-

They have nevah widden aftah the puppy dogs; they have nevah shot grouse; nevah gone on yachting cwuises, nevah been to Newmarket or Goodwood.

They positively can know nothing, ye know, about Eton or Harrow or Oxford or Cambwidge. Nevah had any membah of their family wespectable enough to go there; although they are doosidly learned in these mattahs.

Nor have they any acquaintance with our Army or Navy arwangements-although they have possibly been pwivates or volunteers, and aw perwhaps militiamen.

Aw I'm quite sure they have nevah seen the inside of a decent West End club. I mean a club that any of our fellaws would care to become a membah of.

Ya-as, they have been connected with b-b-eastly twade or some horwid pwofession.

I dessay, their fathahs were gwocers, or cheese-mongahs, or cwossing-sweepahs, or inn-keepahs, or pwowpietahs of inferwiah gin-

And their sons he-ah observe the twaditions of the family by being bwokahs, or selling wines and spirwits, and sending buttah and cheese abwoad.

I make these wemarks because I don't want Miss Marguerwite, and everwybody else, to think that everwy English fellah because he is a decent fellah exterwiahly must necessarwily be my fwiend, or have had the wegular pwopah twaining and bweeding to be a fit associate for Jack and me, aw.

THE TRUE CONFESSION.

"Morgan Dix, Morgan Dix, where can you be?"

"I've gone to Rome to see the See." "Morgan Dix, Morgan Dix, what seek you there?

"I'm after a natty auricular chair."

"What will you bring to your own orthodox?"

"I'll bring a lovely sentry-box."

"I'll tinkle and sprinkle and curse and bless."

"I am a ritualist-I will confess."

C. C. S.

GALLIC GUMDROPS.

ADAPTED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.—Youth up the apple tree to sturdy farmer underneath: Well, when you was a boy, didn't you never steal no apples yerself? What! never?

REMARKS OF MY UNCLE:—It is only the utter inefficiency of the first Deluge that dissuades the Almighty from trying a second.

Now be a good boy—there's a darling!—you will, won't you?—or you'll tie your own cravat, you know!"

"YOU DINE WITH ME this evening, old fel-

"No-can't-really engaged. Rather lend you the dollar."

"Le'ss have it!"

"Now, CHARLES, you have really got to be quiet, that's all there is about it, unless you want to have my rent raised."

THIS IS THE WAY be ended his declaration. "Mademoiselle: if these burning words have not offended you, hang a Union Jack out of your window to-morrow, and the signal will be understood by a devoted heart."

STREET DIALOGUE, caught on the fly: "I despise you!"

"I'd like to see you do it!"

THEATRICAL:

"How was the house?"

"Awful! Nobody there, and we returned em their money and sent 'em home."

"Just look at that child, sir. She can blush -already!"

"You want, of course," said the undertaker to the weeping millionaire, "something nice and showy for your son; say, a neat little rosewood casket, eh?"

"I don't know," replied the bereaved parent, as he wiped away two tears, "do you think it's quite the cheese, yourself, to waste hard wood on one so young?"

IN THE OMNIBUS:

BIG MOUSTACHED MAJOR (to very small and very blonde young man opoosite):-Beg pardon,

sir, you don't like my cigar?
V. S. AND V. B. Y. M. (meekly):—Well, no,

sir, I can't say I do.

B. M. M.:—Sorry, sir, devilish sorry. Was just going to offer you one.

"WAITER, are you going to bring that nap-kin? Haven't you one in the place?"

Waiter departs and returns: "We have one sir, but there was a Frenchman here this morning, sir, and he dirtied it, sir. Don't think you'd like it, sir."

"TIME YOU BEGAN to think, young man, that youth won't last forever!"

"Permit me to suggest, my respected grandfather, that age is not what you might call permanent, either."

"How SHALL I ever make him believe I wasn't at the ball last night?"

" Tell him you were!"

THE MOSQUITO'S VENGEANCE.



Jones packs up, preparatory to going West in search of a fortune.

d



The night before starting he dreams a dream.



Thinks his new acquaintance takes him and shows him a grand chance for colossal fortune.



Imagines his friend takes him West by the Air Line.



Suddenly his treacherous friend let go!—and he feels himself dropping, dropping through space, black with mosquitoes—



When he is opportunely rescued by Mrs. Jones, who exclaims: "What in gracious are you rolling out of bed for, Stoopid?"

PHELAN THE PHONETIC.

IKE PHELAN kept a saloon on a Houston Street corner, and, as his liquors were strong, and his slate large enough to accommodate the names of nearly all the statesmen in that jimmycratic stronghold, it goes almost without saying that he soon attained one of the public offices in the gift of Boss Kelly, and is now a right Honorable, with a light, do ye mind. Now, Mike's undoubted "infloomce in the deestrict" requires that he shall be tolerated among some of the more "tony" sachems, who are compelled to invite to their tables a man whom, politics aside, they would dismiss as too clumsy for a waiter, and too ugly for a coachman. In truth, though Phelan's ability at working a primary has never been questioned, the fact is that he never received even a primary education.

Mike and Mrs. P. were guests at a petit souper given by Judge R — on the eve of his departure for Europe, last Wednesday. There were but seven couples around the table, and any solecism he might have committed would have been quickly noted; but he succeeded in dispatching a huge meal without doing anything very "off-color." To be sure, cleaning his nails with a toothpick, and wiping his mouth on the table-cloth, were acts that in other company might have called for comment, but every one knows that they are quite in accordance with the precedents and traditions of Tammany banquets.

During the evening Mike played "cut-throat" euchre with Commodore G. and General S. in one corner, and discreetly refrained from enter
During the evening Mike played "cut-throat" the husband—died in I shoved off this morta D. T. telerious manner.

ing into the general conversation, until almost midnight, when one of his partners retired from the table and approached his wife with: "Don't you think we had better be going, Mrs. G.?" And lawyer Robinsang, who looked very sleepy, chimed in: "Isn't it better for us to be leaving, Mrs. R.?" Then Phelan, who had taken it all in, took up the cue, and, mudging his wife, said, in a loud voice: "Hadn't we better be after takin' our departure, Mrs. F.?" and never knew why everybody was seized with such a violent fit of coughing.

L'ASSOMMOIR.

"L'Assommoir," as published by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia, is a good English novel in some respects, and infernally bad in others. Mr. Zola, who wrote it, is a very excellent man; but his goodness, to judge from his experiences as given in this novel of his, is entirely due to the unaccountable leniency of a beneficent Providence. The story relates the adventures of a grisette who was happy so long as she didn't marry and ought to, and was unhappy ever after she did marry and oughtn't to. Her husband was a teetotaler until one day he fell from a roof and broke his leg, when, finding probably that teetotalism didn't pay, he took to drink. So did his wife, and the drink they took to was brandy—of the kind supplied by "l'Assommoir," which, being translated, means "a Captain Williams's Smasher." The one—the husband—died in D. T's—and the other shoved off this mortal coil in a similarly D. T. telerious manner.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

A sew-sew young girl, so to speak, Made shirts for a boss with a cheek; Her fingers so nimbly Were used and so thimbly, She made two-and-six-pence a week.

DESERVED.

An imbecile duffer in C rning
Quotationized night, noon and morning
In thuswise: "What, never?"
And then: "Hardly ever."
We killed him. Let others take warning.

A NIL-FAVORED PUN.

THE Czar has got frightened a bit On reading up Latin, to wit: The Nihilists bold Were fighters of old;— 'Tis written, the first "Nihil fit."

SLOWCUS.

REFORM.

Now the moderate drinker experelences a terrible shock
When, in place of his mild lager beer,
He imbibes of the species called bock.

PRAYER-BOOK POPPING.

LOVED her, O, I loved her well, I was but young-two score-But stocks to sell when prices fell Had aged me ten years more: This may have been the reason why Angela passed my offer by.

I loved her. O. I loved her well-And she was sweet sixteen, A blue-eyed, buxom city belle, A fairer ne'er was seen. And I. I was a handsome man. She loved to have me hold her fan.

I loved her-this I've said before-And she was sweet sixteen. And I a beau of just two score, And tolerably green. And, loving her, I yearned to be Assured her soul rejoiced in me.

One day we went to church and sate Far back-as lovers do-And, thinking only of my fate, I looked the prayerbook through; Perhaps this was the reason why A certain passage caught my eye.

In substance it ran thus: "Will you This man as husband wed?" I read it thrice—it thrilled me through; With pencil marks of lead I underlined the words, and shoved The open book towards my beloved.

I watched her in an agony, My very soul perspired With horrible suspense-and she? She read the words desired, Some pages turned, and penciled free, And smiling gave the book to me.

She pointed out so tenderly, Where she would have me read, I, thinking, "sure she loveth me," Devoured with lover's greed These-words, "A woman may not wed Her own grandfather.' Sorry, Ned!"

I loved her, O, I loved her well, My years were scarce two score, But stocks to sell when prices fell Had added several more; Perhaps this was the reason why Angela passed my offer by.

JAMES R. CAMPBELL.

INTERVIEW COMMITTEE OF THE IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY WITH HON. JAMES O'BRIEN.

By Puck's Special Reporter.

THE Committee of the Irish Historical Society called on the Hon. James O'Brien at Wormley's Hotel, Washington, last Tuesday. Approaching the dignified hotel clerk, the chairman, Mr. Larkin, said:

"We are mimbers av the Irish Historical Society, an' we want to see the H-o-n-o-r-a-b-l-e J-a-m-e-s O'-B-r-i-e-n."
"Will you not send up your cards?" asked

the clerk.

"Kyards!" exclaimed astonished Secretary Grady, "sure we don't come to play kyards." The clerk smiled as he bid a youngster of

decidedly brunette complexion to say to No. 508 that representatives of the Irish "Hysterical" Society desired to see him.

The comments made in the elevator indicated that the gentlemen who had not come to play "kyards," were deplorably ignorant of modern improvements.

"It's sthrappin' lads that pull this thing up,"

suggested Mr. Donahue.
"I wondther how many stone it weighs?"

queried Grady. Before the elevator had reached the top story, its destination, the heroic Larkin was agitated by the thought that if the lads below let slip the rope, he and his confrères (but he didn't use the word confrères) would not be able to attend to business. However, as they were gaseous, they naturally escaped at the top. A delicate knock at the door of the visited statesman was was answered by a stentorian "Come in!" Mr. O'Brien does not speak often, nor at great length, even then, but when he condescends to say anything he succeeds in making himself heard. As Mr. Larkin entered, followed by Messrs. Grady and Donohue, they were informed, from the mysterious recesses of an inner room, that the legislator was in his "budwar," making his "tilet," and that he would be obliged to them if they took "sates" for a moment. They looked at the richly upholstered chairs and resolved, by a unanimous vote, that said chairs were simply ornamental, and not for the ordinary purpose. Therefore, when the "broth av a boy" stepped into his parlor he encountered a standing committee.

the gorgeous "sates."
"We have come," began Mr. Larkin, "to have ye make a law for us, obliging aich masther av a vessel to take fifteen furriners wid him on ivery thrip from any pourt in the United

After much preliminary hand-shaking and in-

quiries by the Hon, as to the health of Mesdames

Larkin, Donahue, and Grady, their lords, emu-

lating the example of their eminent country-

man, tried to make themselves comfortable in

States. "D'ye see," explained the eloquent Grady, "we want to get the furriners who print Puck out av the counthry," and he stated in a speech, lasting half-an-hour, the "gravances" of the present generation of the Irish, and the greater "gravances" of Brian Boru and Malachi against frolicsome Puck, ending his masterly arraignment with a request for a glass of water, and he seemed disappointed because the ex-Senator took him at his word and gave him-water.

Coleridge makes the "Ancient Mariner" say: Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink."

Had the poet consulted Grady, that genius would have made the lines read:

"Wather, wather, iverywhere, And nothing else to dhrink."

"I have me doubts as to the possibility av gettin' such a bill passed," cautiously observed the Hibernian Lysander.

Fwat's the matther wid it?" asked chairman Larkin.

"Isn't it a good bill? An' if it is a good bill, fwy shouldn't it pass?" was what Mr. Donahue wanted to know. Now, me frinds," said the statesman, in a

soothing tone, for he dared not find fault with the proposition of his visitors, "your missure sounds too much loike the vetoed Chinese Bill."

"Rimimber," explained Mr. Larkin, "that the Chinese Bill was aimed only agin' the haythens, bud the min who print Puck are furriners" furriners.

Grady said nothing; he had lost interest in

Carl Schurz, would you escape the odium and misfortune of being a "furriner?" Then, by all means, become a "haythen."

I will not prolong the agony of the reader by continuing the account of this interview. Suffice it to say that the personal appearance of the committee, immediately after a recent meeting of the Irish Historical Society, gave rise to the report that that body was dissatisfied with the labors of its representives in Wash-LEO CURRAN EVANS.

MY OLD HAT.

N "old clo', old hats" man is telling his melodious tale along the opposite side of the street. I have just bought a new hat, the latest spring's tile, and I'll give the poor fellow this old one. I will! There's nothing mean about me.

I throw open the window and raise my arm to hurl the gift at his feet. Then I draw it back. Not that I have repented of my rash generosity. Oh, dear no, but merely because a stay of proceedings will enable me to get off some impromptu thoughts which I have been treasuring up all winter for a seasonable oppor-

tunity.

I draw the old hat to me, I gently smooth its wrinkled face, and I think of the day I first proudly wore it, way back in the Indian summer, ere yet September by the succeeding month had been knocktober. I remember how profoundly I bowed to everybody I knew, the while that hat each time described the arc of five-eighths of a circle, and I thought its brilliant lining must have dazzled all who gazed upon it.

How carefully I brushed it, three times a day, and with my handkerchief wiped away the dust I could not reach with the brush! Then came the first catastrophe. Flo' and the girls confiscated it one evening to the uses of a game of Lotto-it would be so nice, they argued, to shake the counters in, and they wouldn't hurt it in the least. I had never before suspected how much mischief those gentle hands could

work

And then, how disaster followed upon disaster! I carried my umbrella about during a week of threatening weather, and never a drop of rain fell; but the first bright day I left it at home, the angels pulled the stopper out of the celestial bath-tub, and my poor hat wept inky tears over my collar and shirt-bosom. I went to the French Ball and stood dreamily taking it all in, when a beautiful shy creature in a page's costume came up and kicked my hat off my head, and into the second tier of boxes. The youngest scion of my family borrowed it, without asking permission, essayed Heller's omelet trick, and failed most miserably. And piercing the misty veil of the past, comes a dim reminiscence of an evening at Pfaff's, and a baptism of beer; and I have a scarcely defined recollection of coming home very late that night, of taking off my shoes and hanging them on the hat-stand, and of creeping and stumbling up stairs, hat grasped in hand, of laying it carefully down at the side of the bed, and then stepping on it as I jumped in.

All these things crowd upon me, and I gaze with sentimental sadness at that old hat, and sigh. It is shabby, I vow. It's in an napless plight, and yet, the want it feels is more than felt. It needs the same amount of general overhauling that the cooper was required to give to the barrel he was commissioned to rebuild around an old bung-hole. It is irrecoverably delapidated. The only thing about it in anything like a fair state of preservation, is the paper I stuffed in under the sweat-band last Saturday, after I had my hair cut in the preva-lent style—"har"-vested my spring crop, as it

were. The binding was bound to go—it commenced to start several weeks ago. It is musically inclined, too, is this old hat of mine. Its band has began to play. It has as many dents in it as has the Grant family, the ex-presi-Dent in-cluded; while the parallel may be drawn between it and many of our monarchs in these Nihilistic days, that both hold their crowns by

shaky tenure. "Old clo', old hats!"

Hi, there's catch this! Old hat, good-by!
M. W. B.

COMMON SENSE FOR THE S. P. C. C.

T the time this is written, there comes a rumor that the S. P. C. C. is going to clap the climax of its manifold absurdities by attacking some jolly little ones who have been doing "Pinafore" at matinées to delighted Philadelphian audiences for many weeks past, and who are now coming to Wal-lack's Theatre in this city, to repeat their triumphs here.

And, in spite of all this bull-headed, wrongheaded philanthropy, the citizen cannot walk the streets, the district visitor cannot enter the homes of the people without witnessing scenes of cruelty compared to which a lot of chubby children skylarking on the stage offers a con-trast as great as that between light and darkness. Street Arabs, newsboys and bootblacks, are the victims of any drunken man's boot; are not warned, but kicked off street-cars, at the imminent danger of being run over by the over-laden dray of the belated express-man; children, suffering from they know not what, are forced to go to school, in all sorts of wea-ther, until the bit of geography and arithmetic they acquire is lost—as they themselves are—in the silent graves beyond the river.

Shows!-theatricals!-do you say? there is more cruelty in dragging an over-dressed crowd of little ones through the streets of Brooklyn, to make a "Sabbath-School Show," than in all the work done by all the little caper-ing children who ever giggled and pranced behind the footlights.

The individual who is apparently responsible for this misdirection of what should be a philanthropy, and is a humbug, is a Mr. e. fellows ienkins.

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A many years ago, before we were as old and charming as we are now, our unfortunate and moribund trans-atlantic friend *Punch* was *Punch*; and it very severely excoriated, and, as it were, flayed alive, a social Jenkins who flourished in that era.

It may be possible that history will again repeat itself, and another Jenkins (or jinkins) will

be flayed alive by Puck.

Puck is not a butcher; he would like to kick up his heels and laugh all the day long; he desires that everybody should be as good as he is; but if Humbug masquerades under the guise of Religion, Charity or Philanthropy, he is ready to whet his knife, and go into the slaughtering business.

And he doesn't care whether the victim be Mr. e. fellows jinkins of the S. P. C. C.—or any

other man.

MR. GOVERNOR LORNE ONCE MORE.

UR bright and merry contemporary, the Canadian *Grip*, takes us good-humoredly to task for our criticisms on Governor Lorne's social and public policy in his maiden efforts at administration.

We would willingly have allowed the subject to drop for the present, or at any rate until some new vagaries of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne would give us an opportunity of commenting thereon,

But jolly Grip compels us to say a few words in our defence.

Grip in the first place charges us with unfairness in attacking Mr. Lorne, who cannot answer back, while Puck is at a safe distance of several hundred miles and shielded by the flag of the United States.

We beg to assure Grip that, on this point, it

labors under misapprehension.

The columns of Puck are at all times open to Mr. Lorne, and we shall be but to glad to print anything he may forward us for publication except poetry.

Not only will it afford us pleasure to insert Mr. Lorne's communications, but anything that Mrs. Lorne, her sisters, her cousins, etc., may have to say, will be equally acceptable; even Mrs. Victoria's and her eldest boy's efforts at letter-writing shall have a fair show.

We do not think, however, that Grip has made out its case in asking some consideration for Mr. Lorne on account of "the high rank of that nobleman."

Rank, in any shape or form, has no rights which we or any other person possessed of a logical mind feels bound to respect, as such.

Its existence in so-called Royalty and hereditary aristocracy is a menace to and outrage on every refined educated individual who doesn't want to be handicapped, when he comes into the world, by such insane relics of barbarism.

The French Revolution gave a hint to some of these gentry, but they were slow to learn the lesson which it taught.

A thousand pities that every nobleman and monarch of every country in Europe, not forgetting Great Britain, didn't lose their heads, à la Louis XVI., at that time. Every civilized white man would have been a great deal bet-

In our eyes Mr. Lorne is no more than Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, or Mr. Robinson, who may happen to be in a political ring, or chosen by the people to be Governor of a State.

Mr. Lorne must thank his stars that he had the luck to be born in such a ring-and Mrs. Lorne, too, for that matter.

If the President of the United States does

foolish things we don't hesitate to tell him so.

Why then should we have any compunction to criticising the political action of a callow

young man in an infinitely lower office?

If he calls himself High Cockalorumjig, or Prince of the Cannibal Islands, it makes no

Mr. Lorne and his conventional young wife have yet to prove that they are one whit better than other people who have had means to obtain decent education and get into respectable society.

THE THEATRES.

A dusky "Pinafore" has been the attraction at the semi-occasionally opened GLOBE. As a performance in the sense of acting, it was as a whole about as wooden as the strong African element could make it; but some of the singing was not bad, especially in the cases of Mr. A. Games's Captain Corcoran and Miss Louisa Asbury's Little Buttercup, The former had a subdued sort of melancholy about his personation suggestive of the undertaking business, while the latter skipped and frisked about in a manner that showed she had not cultivated the quality known as repose. A very much off-color Sir Joseph Porter acted better than he sang, and the fair, or rather darkish, Captain's daughter, Josephine (Miss Annie C. Williams) did her share towards making the entertainment more than endurable. The style in which the dialogue was rendered was by far the funniest part of the whole affair, and altogether the performance was calculated to give one an idea of the extraordinary shapes "Pinafore" may

yet assume before we get through with it.
"Wallack's gave us "Snowball," with "Delicate Ground" as a lever de rideau. In the latter, Mr. Coghlan, as Citizen Sangfroid, afforded us another proof-if that were wanting of his excellence as an actor. Miss Katherine Rogers struggled nobly with the part of Pauline, considering that it was one entirely out of her range. From the applause which greeted "Snowball," we should say that it would carry, if necessary, the season to its close. But it is not to be so; for Ada Caven-

dish, in "As You Like It," and the children, in "Pinafore," are to appear—that is, the youngsters will appear if Mr. Jenkins has no objection. "Snowball" is a mild sort of "Pink Dominoes," constructed on British methods to suit British tastes, and consequently suits WAL-

The sensation of the week has been the production of "l'Assommoir" at the Olympic, under the management of Mr. Wertheimber. Mr. Daly is responsible for the adaptation, and he has probably done all that is possible with and that doesn't say much. Those who wish to study the evil effects of deep potations of bad brandy have now their opportunity. An interminable series of offensive realistic scenes—the prototypes of which are to be found in the neighborhood of Baxter Street bucketshops, without going to Paris-are exhibited for the delectation of the New York public: of which those whose tastes run that way will, of course, take advantage. The mounting certainly leaves nothing to be desired, and the wash-house scene is a marvel. Puck welcomes Mr. Daly back to New York. With men like Wertheimber and St. Maur around him he

must strike oil.

Mr. Mack's "Adèle, or the Saleslady" has hit the Bowery taste, and is in every respect far superior to the class of plays usually produced at this house. The dialogue is excellent, and the play throughout shows the artistic hand of the author. The store scene, with its stock of goods and crowd of auxiliaries, has never been equalled by anything of the kind in this city. Miss Agnes Wood thoroughly identifies herself with the character of the heroine, and is nightly greeted with loud applause. "Adèle, or the Saleslady" is an unqualified success.

MESSRS. HAYES and TILDEN have been artistically immortalized in plaster by Mr. Ferdinand Miranda, whose studio is at 35 East 17th Street. Judging by the designs we should take Mr. Miranda to be a thorough-going independent in politics, as Mr. Tilden is represented in the act of cipher-dispatch hocus-pocus and Mr. Hayes's affection for cold water is treated in a manner calculated to bring this gentleman into ridicule.

Answers for the Anxions.

HASELTINE.-She won't have any, thank you.

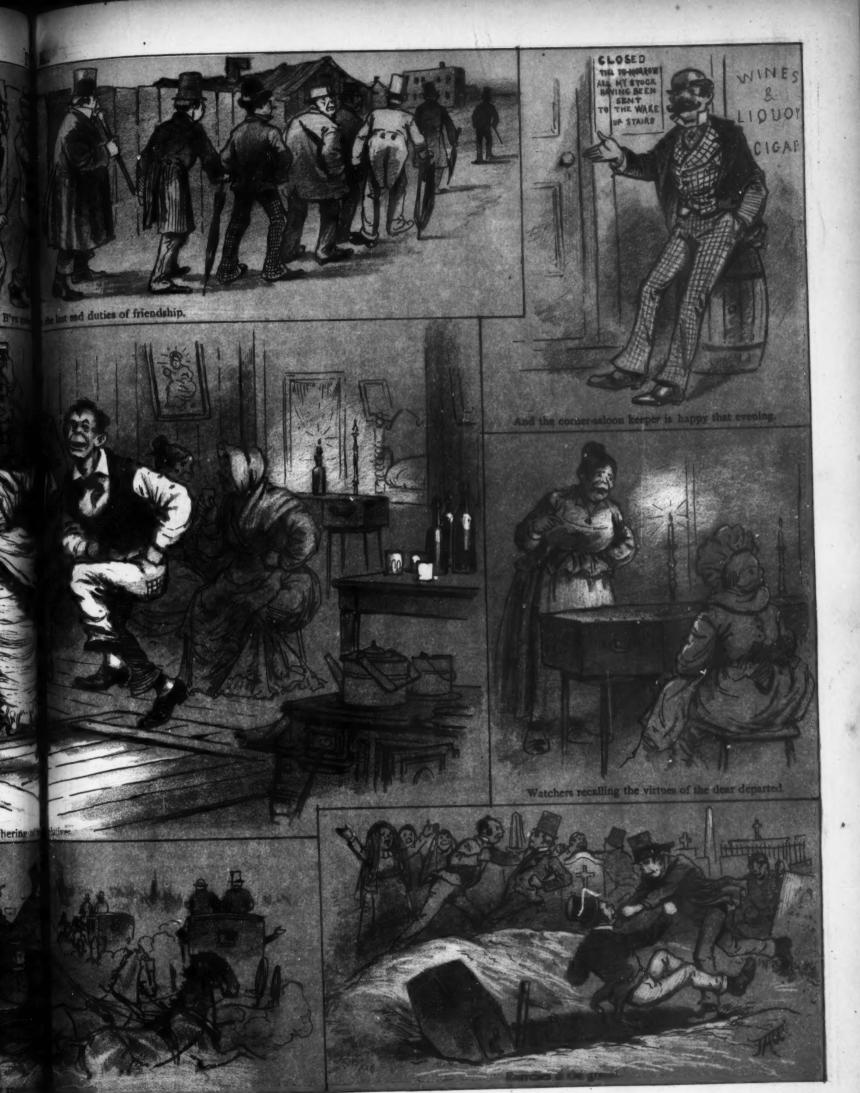
R. ROLAND, Cleveland, O,-If you wish Puck to take notice of your communication, you must forward your full address, and give some reference or other guarantee of your personal responsibility. This is no joke;

TECHO.- We know what you feel-a kind of queer longing and expectation and general stirring up of unlabeled sensations all through your system. We have felt that way ourselves. It always comes on in spring, and it means Poetry. Check this thing in time, or you will have a poem on your hands before you know it. Rat-poison, taken internally, rather tends to quell the

MODESTY.—Yes, you can now pass by Mr. Vander-bilt's fence on Fifth Avenue. The Pauper Millionaire has managed to spare enough, out of the miserable pittance upon which he drags out a wretched existence, to put an ulster on Mr. Pollak's picture of Puck. We can't answer for it, however, when the weather gets hotter. If the young man should happen to feel that garment oppressive, he may decide to make himself comfortable without regard to the blushes of the gentle William H. You had better speak to the Impecunious Capitalist about providing a linen duster for the summer



THE IRISH IDEA OF ARI



F A RISTIAN BURIAL."

ARCHIE GASCOYNE,

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;" "Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;"

"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"

etc., etc., etc.

(Continued.) ITHERTO, the tradespeople had not troubled him; nor, for that part of it, had they begun to press him even now. His father's name and circumstances were well known, and these astute gentlemen were only too willing to allow their little bills to accumulate.

But now that Archie had taken the Luke Fellowship, and was about to sever his connection with his Scottish Alma Mater and go up to Oxford, his creditors thought it the proper time to present their claims. There was no use nursing the goose in the hopes of any more golden eggs, and, especially as times were ra-ther harder than usual, they were anxious to secure those already laid.

Their demands at first hardly gave Archie a second thought. He certainly had not anticipated that they would have totted up to so much, and had a vague idea that his father, in sending him the check required to discharge the sum total, might possibly throw out a gentle hint about the virtues of economy in youth; but, as ill luck would have it, his letter had

been sent off too late.

In all probability, at the very time he had been writing to his father, the latter had been inditing an epistle to him—the epistle which had given him all the trouble and now lay on table before him. The two letters had, doubtless, crossed, and the result, so far as the younger correspondent was concerned, was far from pleasant. The letter of Gascoyne père was to this effect:

" EDINHALL HOUSE May 3d, 18-.

" My Dear Archie:

"I am glad to hear of your success at college, and sincerely trust, as I firmly believe, that it is but one of those bright shadows-if you will excuse the transparent bull-which, poets teach us, coming events cast before.

"I had very enthusiastic letters in your praise from Professor Macdonald—I suppose you know him? If you do not it would be as well to make his acquaintance. He comes of an old family—the Macdonalds of Luirinish—and his father and myself were college chums some half century ago. Bless me, how time flies! As Horace says, 'Posthume! Posthume!'—but I spare your feelings. We have not met for many years, but I believe he is still in Skye, and doing fairly well.

Your Aunt Martha begs to be warmly remembered to you, and says the guinea-hen you sent her has turned out extremely well—so well that, as Nelly put it, it has turned out a duck. But that, you know, is Nelly's way of talking. I suppose you young people would call that a pun and think it witty.

"Your room in the old west wing is all ready

for you. .Brown has your favorite gun cleaned and ready, and says the dogs were never better. The streams are rather low as yet for good fishing, but Robin says he knows where a prime ten-pounder is lying, and "he's a-keeping it"

"And now, my dear boy, a word in conclusion. After long and anxious and, I need hardly add, very careful study and negotiation, I have resolved to take a considerable number of shares in the Isabella Silver Mines, Nevada, which have been started under unexceptionable auspices, and in twelve months, if not sooner, will be paying at least sixty per cent. This and some other investments which I made some time ago-as you perhaps remember—have quite drained me of all available cash, and in order to raise £20,000 I wish you, my dear boy, to agree to sell the Farndon farm. Sir Paulet is very anxious to acquire it, and is ready to give considerably more than it is intrinsically worth, as it breaks the continuity of his own estate of Barneley.

"As what I am doing is all for you and your

advantage, of course you will not think of hesitating; and as your session is now up, I shall expect you home within a week at farthest, when the necessary documents can be signed.

"By the by, I suppose you will want some money, and enclose you check for £75. Drop me a line, or, better still, telegraph on receipt of this, stating when and by what train you

" Your loving father,

"ALEXANDER GASCOYNE,"

"P. S.-Meg and Darroch [Archie's two favorite horses] are in excellent condition. trifle high, perhaps, through want of exercise, but you will soon cure that. By the way, call at Maclehose's for the last Quarterly, and get a note of his account."

It was now the 6th, and this letter was dated the third of May, but it might well enough have been written on the 5th, by which time the writer would have had Archie's letter to him which had been posted on the 3d.

As a matter of fact, the old man had received the letter before the writing of his own, though it suited his purpose better to make it appear

as if he had not.

Of this, however, his son was not aware, and, though experience had taught him that his father was apt at times to be a little too diplomatic in his dealings, he never suspected but that the two letters had crossed. As it was he was exceedingly puzzled what to do. The \pounds 75 sent him was a mere bagatelle, but that was nothing. Neither did his debts appear so dreadful—they would be discharged in good time

The difficulty that stared him in the face was this proposal to sell Farndon. It was not so much the intrinsic value of it that he was concerned about, though that of course was no small consideration; but next to the bit of ground on which the Hall was built it had been longest in the family, and was connected with the name of Gascoyne by the oldest and most romantic associations. It had been his mother's-heaven bless her!-favorite farm, and to himself personally was endeared by many precious memories. No, come what might, he

could not let it go.

Nor was this all. Already he had consented twice to similar alienations of portions of the estate held in trust by Sir Alexander for him, as also to the cutting down of almost all the timber on it, and it was not fair—it was not right, of his father to expect him further to sacrifice the prospects of himself and his possible descendants.

For himself he did not care much. Thank God he had health and youth and a brilliant University career on his side, and would almost as soon earn his own living and carve out for himself a position and name as not.

Of course it would be a bore to give up his pictures, and wine parties, and horses, and dogs, and hunting and all the rest of it, all at once. But these, good as they were, did not exhaust life's pleasures, and by and by he would doubtless grow reconciled to their absence. But it was of others he was thinking, not of himself; of the family name, of the family it-

In course of time, doubtless, though at present it seemed so prodigiously unlikely, he would marry, and in all probability perpetuate the race of Farndon-Gascoyne. In that case the interests of his children would be gravely affected and, it might be, periled by his con-senting to any further alienations of estates. No, it could not, and would not be. Heaven knew how dearly he loved his father, and how indulgent the latter had been to him; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and, though it would grievously annoy and anger the old gentleman, the stand must be made now.

So thinking, the lad touched the bell and had the things removed, after which he sat down and drafted, with infinite trouble, a brief note to his father, returning him the check for £75, and declaring his resolve not to agree to his proposals. He had scarcely completed the draft when three quick well known rat-tats at the door were succeeded almost instantaneously by the entrance of the redoubtable "Docthor," more familiarly and popularly are considered as a plain "Boh." known in college and art circles as plain "Bob, and one of Archie's most imtimate college friends.

"Ha! Archie me boy, how are ye?" cried the Doctor, rushing forward effusively, as he deposited his well brushed hat, and cane and gloves, on the table and seized his friend by both hands. "Thought I'd catch you in—expected you'd be hipped a bit after last night—and so you are, by the jumping Jupiter, or my name isn't Robert Macdonald of Ballynashlowlboy, County Meath. What ails you, lad?"

"Nothing, Bob, nothing; but sit down, man, and don't keep dancing all over the room like a duck on a hot gridiron."

"Shure an' I was only looking for the de-chanter, darlint. It's the wather I'm afther, O most lachrymose of philosophers! for Ruther ford's was almost shut when I passed by, and divil the happurth it mathered if it hadn't, for it's divil the happurth I've got."
"Yes, it's 'wather yer afther,' I knew it was,

and maybe the whiskey won't be far off, either. There then—there's a stiff glass of your favorite J. J. (John Jamieson), which I keep specially for you; so fire away. Stay, will you have

soda?

"Divil the dhrop at all, at all," cried the patriot, turning pale at the suggestion. "Is it I spoile the blessed liquor ye'd be afther, not to spake of the coats of the stomach—get away wid ye."

"Well, well, bring yourself to an anchor and let's have the latest out. As a gossip, Bob,

you're facile princeps."

But Bob is too important a character to be knocked off in this manner at the fag-end of a chapter; so we reserve him for our next.

CHAPTER IV.

"Two heads are better than one." -Old Proverb. "An Irishman, i' faith; as good a soul As ever, surely, whistled life away!"

"An Irishman? that means another bottle: These Irish are good fellows.

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BoB was a character whom not to know was indeed to argue oneself unknown-without the pale of civilization in short, so far at least as concerned the particular community of which Bob happened at the time to form an integral part. In appearance he resembled for all the world an Italian tenor, but when he spoke there was no mistaking the rich Irish brogue of County Meath. Under the middle size, stout and round as a ball, with a broad, full, closely shaven face except for the slight moustache, Bob was by no means a bad looking fellow. His hair, which was rapidly thinning at the top, to its owner's great distress, was raven black and worn long, plastered carefully down the back of the head until brought to a sudden halt by the coat collar.

His eyes were of a peculiar reddish-brown color, with heavy lids, and he was scrupulously clean and careful in his dress. Not that it was always of the best material or newest make; for Bob did not possess too much of this world's lucre, and was besides judiciously economical withal; but he made the most of whatever he had, and sported an old and suspiciously glossy hat, or a worn-out pair of trousers, with an air of delightful vivacity and overwhelming consciousness of being "owner of all he surveyed" and considerable quantity more, that seldom failed to impose upon those with whom he came in contact.

At one time-some three years previous to the the time of which we are speaking-Bob boasted of a really charming tenor voice, and had on more than one occasion taken a leading rôle in classic operas on the public stage with considerable success. But from some cause or other - he himself could never tell why-his voice had suddenly left him, or rather all the clearness had died out of it, leaving only the ghost of a voice behind; so that now its unfortunate owner seemed always to be struggling with a particularly severe cold, and spoke in hoarse, muffled tones that sounded as if they came from the bottom of a particularly thick fog.

This being so, it may seem strange that even yet Bob was one of the best amateurs whose vocal efforts enlivened social gatherings, and it was surprising, when he really set himself to it and tackled the high notes, how much richness and music he contrived to squeeze out of

his hoarse and foggy throat. Of music he was—I was going to say passionately fond, but such an element as passion was foreign to Bob's nature. Still, he loved it with what heart and soul he had; loved it most of all things in the world-always, of course,

excepting Bob. I don't know that his knowledge of music was very profound. Indeed, it is hard to think that he could be profound in anything. The mere fact that he was called "Bob," and that even strangers, when they heard him so called, felt instinctively that he was rightly named Bob, may indicate an absence from his nature

of depth and seriousness.

Bob and profundity, even in imagination, do not go well together, and in mentioning them in the same breath one is sensible of a want of congruity between the two. But at the same time he had really a fair knowledge of the grand maestros and their works, and could whistle off at a time—he really did whistle delightfully-the entire score of more than one opera. Indeed, this *penchant* of his for music and its professors had been his ruin. Blessed with fair talents, agreeable manners and an excellent disposition, considerable judgment and a first-rate education, Bob might have made a figure in the world.

His father was a small tradesman somewhere in County Meath, though to hear Bob talk of him, of his pack of hounds, his hunters, his harriers and what-not, a stranger would have at once concluded that MacDonald senior was at least High Sheriff of the County.

But, though he had not yet attained-that dignified position, he had made enough out of the sale of groceries to enable him to send his eldest son to a very good Roman Catholic seminary, and after that to Trinity College, Dublin, therein to study medicine. And, to confess the truth, the eldest son acquitted himself very creditably, and if nature had not cursed him with a superb tenor voice and an innate love for Bohemianism, Bob would almost certainly have blossomed into a full-blown fashionable physician, being expressly cut out by nature and art for a ladies' doctor.

But he had not sufficient stamina. too fond of an easy and pleasant life; of simpering beauties; of cosy dinner parties; of musical soirees; of singing in companies where his nostrils were tickled by the sweet frank-

incense of flattery and praise.

So, gradually, Bob gave up his medical studies and drifted into journalism—becoming, first, musical critic and subsequently general writer on the staff of a leading Dublin daily paper.

Finally, when he found his voice had gone irretrievably, and that the paths of journalism were not strewn so thickly with pound notes as he had anticipated, he made up his mind to resume paying attentions to his first love-medicine-and had accordingly gone to Glasgow to "proceed his degree."

There, he had speedily become a general favorite; there, he had made the acquaintance of Gascoyne, and in the lodgings of the latter you, my reader, now make his.

Just one word more and we have finished this

rude photograph of our Hibernian friend.

In his position as musical critic to the leading Irish paper, Bob had made the acquaintance of almost every one worth knowing on the dramatic or operatic stage. He was familiar with Titiens; patted Thalberg on the head and called her his little daughter; flirted with Di Murska; made love to Lucca, and was called "Bob" by all the "stars."

With the ladies indeed he was a prodigious favorite; partly because he was so amusing and useful, and chiefly because he was so harmless. Girls would permit Bob to say and do things to them which, coming from any one else, they would have at once and strongly resented. The most jealous of mothers allowed him the free run of her house.

Bob made love to everybody, and everybody made love to Bob, and nobody thought anything of it. He was so good-natured he would go fifty miles at a moment's notice to oblige a friend (that is, if the friend were socially worth obliging), and his life was made up of little things.

He wrote some graceful verse, in which breeze" generally rhymed with "trees," and had contributed one or two love stories to certain annuals which young ladies who had not read them pronounced "charming."

And, lastly, to complete the picture, Bob invariably wore a dark-blue surtout, a white shirt, considerably exposed in front, a silk hat, and

Without his gloves, indeed, he would have resembled Othello with his occupation-or, to speak more correctly, the means of his occupation—gone. They were Bob's constant com-panions; his standing patents to nobility: and no living soul had ever seen him without them on the public street.

As a rule he only wore the left one; carrying the other in his hand for economy's sake, as also for the correct punctuation of his sentences in casual conversations with acquaintances in the street-and the street was full of them.

At present Bob was supposed to be grinding for his final "Exam." at Glasgow University, and was actually doing the musical notices for a leading local paper, and making frantic love to Signora Angelica Fioritura, of Colonel Ma-pleson's Grand Italian Opera Company, then performing at the Theatre Royal.

And now, having introduced Bob to our readers at such length, we may as well return to his friend Gascoyne, and, as more than one writer has put it, "resume the thread of our narrative."

It was not difficult for Bob to see at a glance that his friend had been put about by some-thing or other, but with the skill of an old diplomatist he resolved to let Gascoyne broach the subject first. So he began the conversa-tion in a light and bantering tone, as if unsuspicious of his friend's evident perturbation.

"That was really a very nice little shine you

gave us last night, Gascoyne."

"Shine! slang again, Bob! Well yes, a shine, as you call it, so far as the lights went" went

"And the liver," murmured Bob, unable as

usual to resist an opportunity.

"Robert, don't Joe Millerize here; keep your stale jokes for your next pantomime, where they won't be out of place. And that reminds me, by way of contrast, how really brilliant Diogenes was last night."

"That he was, by Jove, a perfect corusca-tion and galaxy of humor and wit. Like his great prototype he seems to fatten on the smell of the tub."

"Yes," continued Archie, "and like Falstaff gets witty on the head of it."

"On the contents of it, you mean," quoth Bob sententiously, as he sipped his whiskey and water. "The practice is a bad one, and were I his employer I should give him the sack."

"Yes, as Eastern monarchs give their better-halves; but for heaven's sake, Bob, give up the attempt to be funny. Nature never intended you for a wit. You are too good-natured, and good nature and wit are seldom bed-fellows. Leave that for your betters, and stick to blue pills and musical criticisms."

Macdonald was the best-natured fellow in the world, but something in Gascoyne's tone touched him, and he flushed slightly; but all he said, with a little laugh—a trifle constrained perhaps-was:

"Why, you're positively ill-tempered this orning. Did the lobster salad disagree with ou? or has the Baronet been cutting up morning. you? or rusty ?"

"No," replied his friend, "he's been cutting up me."
"Then surely is that the 'unkindest cut of

all'; but in what quarter cuts he?"
"Cuts and quarters! Bob, when you lost your voice you should have turned dishonest butcher; begun to steel, and so preserved the

even tenor of your way.' "A miracle, a miracle! Gascoyne among the Millers; Saul also among the Burnands. you must be writing the next comedy for the

Royal?"
"No, Bob-no; I don't know sufficient French to translate as fluently as you do. Orig-

inal comedy, as original comedy goes now-a-days, is not in my line."
"I don't see what you're driving at," growled his friend, who was himself suspected of having attempted to palm off on a confiding public a well-known French piece as an entirely new and original Irish drama.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Berhanges.

THE TERRIBLE DUST. See the madly-blowing dust-Dusty dust! How it revels in the gust, How it covers with a crust Of tenacious, moisty must Ev'ry object in the street. It is monarch of us all-When it rises up we fall; When it comes. When it hums, Ev'ry kind of business flags-Ev'ry kind of business lags-And it gags And it snags Ev'ry class of trade afloat. It is death to eyes and throat, For it kills As it fills Ev'ry eye and ev'ry throat.
Oh! the dust, the dust, It is useless to complain, Intercessions are in vain-But it's neither fair nor just We should suffer so with dust, For the city is not bust.

Oh, the dust! It is here, it is there, It is flying everywhere! How it permeates the air! People swear! Oh, the dust-How it's cuss'd! - St. Louis Times-Journal.

TO A SCHOOL-GIRL. Now warm sunbeams flood the valley And the daisy's flaked with dew, While the swallows swiftly sally Round the melancholy yew. Why the yew is melancholy I could never well define: Unto me it's quite as jolly As the sycamore or pine. Now the stars no longer glimmer, All the mead's a golden charm, And you take your little primer Underneath your little arm; And, while belted bees are sipping Honey round the placid pool, With a smile you're lightly tripping On your merry way to school. Let me tell you, pretty creature, Bright, angelic little dove, E'en upon your smiling "teature" Cast a tender look of love. Let this be your great endeavor E'er be to her good and kind, And when starting schoolward, never Leave your dinner-box behind .- Star.

MATRIMONIAL. There was a young fellow of Rome
Who stayed all the night from his home,
In the morning his fair Just fixed up his hair With a broomstick instead of a comb. -Puck.

HIS COURTSHIP. There was a young suitor named Puck, Who with a fair damsel was struck. She remarked, "Little chap, Don't you sit in my lap! If you do, you'll go home on a truck!" - Rome Sentinel. ANYTHING to meet Grant.-Rochester Ex-

A MAN overboard.—Ourself, by spring poets. Baltimore Every Saturday.

Lors of Englishmen are "out" on Parole. First Blood for Boston Post.

IMAGINATION goes a long distance with a five-cent cigar.—N. O. Picayune.

THEY can't hit Booth with bullets. He must have some royal blood in his veins .- Rochester Express.

Has any paragrapher observed that Hanlon is the noblest row man of them all?—Toronto Gossiper.

"GIVEN up by the doctors." All hope of collecting more than one-third of their bills.— -New York News.

Spring divorce-suits are cut lower in the neck than usual, with a scandal en train. Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE Zoo had a good year in 1878. In fact, you never see the Zoo-lose in this part of the world .- Phila. Bulletin.

THE man who pulled down his white vest for summer wear struck the season too previously this week .- N. O. Ficayune.

SAID Chelmsford, looking around, anxiously, "Is Prince Louis here? Yes? Then let the battle go on."—Boston Transcript.

A young man in New Milford, in a spirit of reckless desperation, married a girl in the midst

of house-cleaning.—Danbury News.

The absorbing question—"What will you drink?"—Puck. The question of the hour—"What time is it?—Waterloo Observer.

A QUESTION that is giving the Pittsburgh law students the headache—"Can a man marry his widow's sister?"-Pittsburgh Telegraph.

WE are afraid that Mr. Talmage may be shot some day by some stage-struck lunatic who is dissatisfied with his acting. - Chicago Tribune.

IF some ambitious coachman should marry Mr. Belmont's daughter Mr. Belmont might learn something about driving. - Chicago Tribune.

SINCE the Democrats have a majority in the House the restaurant is to be enlarged by removing the bath-house to another building.- N. Y. Herald.

In shooing a fly the more experienced blacksmith uses a cloth instead of a hammer. It is not so liable to damage the furniture.—San Francisco Wasp.

A TERRIFIC engagement took place on the 5th ult. between the Chilians and Bolivians. One Brigadier-General lost his hat.—New York Comm. Advertiser.

THE British minister at Berlin is Lord Odo Russell. Will not some thoughtless person please remark that Lord Dodo comes from an extinct race?-Burlingson Hawkeye.

THE first straw-hat of the season made its appearance on the streets yesterday. The man who wore it was hired by the proprietor of an ice-cream saloon. — Phila. Kronikle-Herald.

THE water was out of the Public Garden pond Saturday, disclosing the bottom covered with a quantity of old cans, overshoes, etc., sufficient to pasture a large herd of goats for some time. -Boston Post.

Some unknown lover of truth says: "The man who makes the coffee at a hotel is never seen by the public. That's one reason why none of them are ever found dead in the alley. -Camden Post.

An English paper says Bret Harte's humor is of the "genuine English" character. The author of the "Heathen Chinee" should sue the editor of that paper for \$150,000 damages. -Norr. Herald.

Look upon the strawberry when it is red, when it giveth its color in the short cake; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and is indigestible like unto a Welsh rarebit eaten at midnight .- New York Mail.

McKelvey, the base-ballist, has accepted a position as a hotel clerk. What a terrible come-down it must be to him.—Boston Post. He can be depended on for a fresh pitcher in every room.—Phila. Bulletin.

Longfellow begins a poem in the International Review with the exclaim:
"How cold are thy baths, Apollo,"

Apollo will probably explain that the poet must have turned the wrong faucet .- Syracuse Stand-

A FEMALE member of a church choir tried to "shoo" a hen over a high stone wall in North Wheeling, yesterday, and the people for four blocks around turned out, thinking that a circus steam caliope was out on parade. - Wheeling Leader.

A HAIRPIN is a very useful article to a woman. It serves the purpose of toothpick, button hook, and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest-pocket, when your wife doesn't know where it comes from .- New York Express.

THE Syracuse Times sympathizes with the ice dealers who will lose part of their crop by the collapsing of this world on July 11, as an-nounced by the Adventists. There is always some such thing as this to keep an ice-dealer poor .- N. Y. Express.

IF some of our photographers would make copies of a trout for our fishermen to take along to look at once in a while, it would be a comforting and a Christian deed. Of course it would be difficult to get the trout, but one might be found in some museum. - Boston Standard.

WE don't set ourselves up as an art critic by any manner of means, but the picture catalogued "K 9—A Study of a Dog-head, Price \$50," we saw at an Art Gallery exhibition recently, strikes us as being well executed and capitally drawn, except that the ears are fore-shortened too much. Otherwise it is admirably life like and a barkin' at the price stated .-Cin. Sat. Night.

LAST MONTH.

THE month of April is the seventh month of the year. It was originally the thirteenth, but in 1302 Augustus Cæsar changed the calendar because he had a note to meet in the middle of the month, and didn't have a cent to pay it with, and so he dropped that month out entirely, and April thus became the third month, as it now is. It was named after Aprilis, the god of spring, who used to get up on the last day of March, and taking a paint-pot and a marking-brush, go around the country painting Latin mottoes and moral precepts and bursts of poetry on the rocks and trees, among others, the following gems which have come down to our own day:

"Takibus liverimus correctore for the Bloodibus."

"Dulce et decorum est to take 'rye and rock' in the

"Honey, tar, rumque cano, for colds and coughs."

"Vox populi pro Bolus's corn pilaster est."
"Gissipius W. Achates, ear and lung doc-

"Chew only optimus nave plug, ten cents a hunc."

"In hoc cough syrup vinces. Sign of the big mortar."

The motto of April is "Dum eripuit, erump," which means, "Do not go out of the house without an ulster, a duster, a chest-protector and a palm-leaf fan."—Burlington Hawkeye.

AFTER all, Parole's victories are nothing but one-horse affairs .- Phila. Kronikle-Herald.

Isn'T it about time for the gentlemen who handle revolvers so carelessly in the presence of kings and actors, to practice on a baseball player. He should not be allowed to enjoy the glory of fame without some of the attendant inconveniences.—New Haven Register.

st.

EXTRACT from a young lady's letter: - "And do you know, Maud and I are quite sure that Captain Popple had taken far too much champagne at the ball, for he took out his watch and looked hard at the back of it and then muttered: "Blesh my shoul! I hadn't any idea it was that time o' night."—Syracuse Standard, without credit.

AT an early hour yesterday morning the police found the dead body of a man near the foot of Division street. The man had been shot in five places, his head had been broken with a club or axe, and other evidences of vio-lence were visible on his person. Papers found on the body indicated that the man was a stranger in Burlington and had come here for the purpose of organizing a pedestrian tournament. No inquest was held, and the body was buried by the police in a lonely spot in the woods, where four roads meet, with a stake thrust through its heart. - Burlington Hawkeye.

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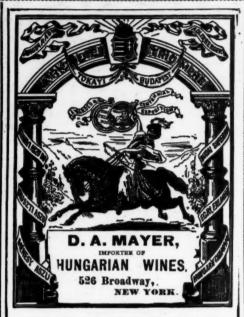
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